

THE WORLD.

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THAT ITS REGULAR AVERAGE
CIRCULATION DURING
THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THIS
YEAR WAS 238,267 AND THAT
THIS IS AT LEAST ONE HUNDRED
THOUSAND COPIES PER DAY MORE
THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER
IN AMERICA

Second—that the REGULAR AVERAGE
CIRCULATION OF THE SUN-
DAY WORLD IS MORE THAN TWICE
AND NEARLY THREE TIMES AS LARGE
AS THAT OF THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER
IN NEW YORK WHICH IN POINT
OF ADVERTISING IS NEXT TO THE
WORLD.

Third—TO REFUND
ALL MONIES PAID FOR ADVERTISING
IN THE WORLD UPON A PROPER TEST
OF THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS NOT
VERIFIED.

Circulation Books Always Open.

LEGISLATION FOR LABOR.
The heartless assumption of the devil-take-the-hindmost school of political economist, that laws can do nothing to ameliorate the condition of the working people and the poor, but that everything must be left to moral forces and to the bloodless rule of "supply and demand," is completely upset by the operation of the Factory Inspection law.

The account of this system of inspection, as given in *The World* this morning, is a revelation of the good that may be done through wise legislation.

Fire-escapes have been secured in hundreds of factories; machinery has been guarded against danger to life; thousands of children under the lawful age have been rescued from ignorance and premature toil; the sanitary provisions of factories have been improved, and in general the lot of the working people has been made safer and healthier and more tolerable.

Greed needs a governor.

BOSTAL IMPUDENCE.

One of the bostall car companies has had the gall to sue an expressman for damages to a car in a collision caused by its driver's absorption in chasing boys off the rear platform, instead of looking ahead of him.

These nickel-pinching and public-defying corporations will next be suing the heirs of persons crushed under their wheels for "mussing up the track" with their mangled bodies.

The Board of Aldermen can abate the dangerous nuisance at once by requiring all cars to have conductors. If the Aldermen don't move in the matter the inference will be plain that they have been striking for boodles.

THE JOKE CONTEST.

THE EVENING WORLD recognizes and responds to the popular demand for "something new."

Hence the Joke Contest, for a prize of \$25, with the Hon. BILL NIX, Premier Jokester of the United States and contiguous territory, as the Judge.

The "micker tournament," as Mr. Nix felicitously styles it, starts off with a very excellent impromptu joke by the Judge himself—not entered for the competition, of course, but thrown out as an evidence of good faith and of unabated skilled talent on the Judge's part. The silly affectation of stilted names for summer homes is well hit off in Mr. Nix's "Slipperyelmhurst."

And now the preliminaries are arranged and the list opened, put on your joking cap and begin.

"Sunset" Cox's place is in the House of Representatives. New York has a thousand men who would make good Mayors, but scarcely another one who is so well fitted for useful service in Congress as is Mr. Cox. He is the right man in the right place and should be kept there.

Gen. HARRISON does not recognize a bust of his grandfather. This is ungrateful. BENJAMIN would not have been recognized as a statesman except for his grandfather.

A question that the President would, perhaps, rather not hear: "My dear, did you fish on Sunday?"

When will the Giants' long lane of good luck have a turn?

Who Did the Best Job? (From *Harper's Bazar*.)

Mr. Bullion—What induced you, Maria, to tell Lord Brimble that our peachbloss vase cost "ten stone"? What do you mean by ten stone?

Mrs. Bullion—There you go, always finding fault with me. You told me to drop my Americanisms when Lord Brimble's dinner here, and I did. You also told me that a stone was equal to four hundred pounds, and I saw the vase cost eight. And then Mr. Bullion burst into tears over the absurdness of mankind in general, and Mr. Bullion in particular.

MONDAY'S MARKETS.

Lettuce, 5 cents.
Egg plant, 15 cents.
Peas, 50 cents a peck.
White squash, 1 cent.
Corn, 25 cents a dozen.
Lemons, 15 for 25 cents.
Pineapples, 15 to 20 cents.
Oranges, 60 cents a dozen.
Grapefruit, 10 cents a peck.
Green peas, 25 cents a quart.
Nectarines, 25 cents a dozen.
Blackberries, 5 cents a quart.
Cucumbers, 20 cents a dozen.
Spinach, 20 cents a half peck.
Peaches, 30 cents a dozen; best \$1.
Cauliflower, 15 cents; best, 25 cents.
Figs, 25 cents a dozen; best, 30 cents.
Grapes, 20 cents a peck; best, 30 cents.
Sweet potatoes, 25 cents a small measure.
Pears, 40 cents a dozen; best, 50 to 60 cents.
Celery, 50 cents a bunch; New Jersey celery, 15 cents.
Beets, 4 cents a bunch; carrots, 5 cents; turnips, 5 cents.

AMONG BROOKLYN'S GUARDIANS.

Capt. John W. Eason, of the Second Precinct, is proud of his new station-house on Fulton and Front streets.

Police Capt. McKelvey, of the Fourth Precinct, has just celebrated the close of his twenty-fifth year on Brooklyn's force.

James Campbell, the telegraph operator at Police Headquarters, is regarded as the most courteous and pleasant gentleman in that service.

Patrolman Keller, of the First Precinct, has a valuable best, in the block from Myrtle avenue to Adams street, on Fulton avenue. There are four of Brooklyn's large banks on the post.

THEY MUST BE TALKED ABOUT.

Angus Van Little is a very social individual, and has many friends.

Harry Bassett, clerk for Clark, Jarvis & Co., is studying for the ministry.

David M. Drury is well known and much thought of by the Eastern District people.

It is rumored that Chester Dubois, of Fulton Market, is to become a benedict.

Frank McCutcheon never appears on the street unless attired in the latest fashion.

Will Sand, of Hart & Son, is feeling rather "blue" because he can't go to the country.

John Ellis, who nearly lost an eye by running into a baby carriage in a dark hallway, is improving.

The northern part of this State has peculiar charms for Walter Allendice. His friends wonder what they are.

WORLDLINGS.

Gen. Sherman is said to have an aversion to new clothes, and the statement is made that he has never been seen in a new suit.

More than 9,000,000 cigarettes were sold in the United States during the year 1927. The entire business is in the hands of less than half a dozen firms, who expect this year to increase their product.

There are at least half a dozen literary women of the present day whose good looks render the ancient slander that a woman to be literary must be homely. Mrs. Burnett, Maud Howe, Amelia Rives Chandler, Dodo Fletcher, Blanche Willis Howard and Miss Lanza are all handsome women.

A large lump of pure copper weighing eighty-three pounds was recently found near Northport, Mich., in a field remote from any ore-bearing rock. It shows signs of having been worked by man of remote times, and is supposed to be a relic of the prehistoric mound-builders.

Among the shrewd men of business in Boston is the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol, pastor of the West Church. Many years ago he bought hundreds of acres of the barren land on the coast near Manchester, Mass., foreseeing that some day it would be valuable. In recent years millions of dollars have been spent in the erection of summer villas on this land, and Dr. Bartol's fortune has grown accordingly.

A Way to Life Understanding.

(From *Time*.)

Mamma—Harry, what have you been doing to the poor dog? He's been howling dreadfully.

Harry—Well, he knocked over your vase, and I spoke to him, and I gave him feelings were hurt.

Mamma—Nonsense! Dogs can't understand what you say.

Harry—Oh, yes, they can when you kick 'em.

Monday Morning at the Hotel.

J. H. Bamford, of Providence, is staying at the Astor.

W. Mack, of Rochester, is stopping at the Barthold.

H. L. Pain, of "The Fire of London" pyrotechnist, is at the Gilsey.

John Cheney, of Crown Point, N. Y., is stopping at the Sturtevant.

Frank M. Phelps, one of Chicago's swell Democrats, is a guest at the Windsor.

Registered at the Brunswick are Henry Harley, of Pittsburgh; W. F. Keys, of Chicago, and A. H. Wheelock, of Boston.

At the Hoffman are J. Howard Clark, of Manchester, Enfield, and ex-Congressman George C. Hackett, of Wisconsin.

Miss Emily, of the late Janeway James Camille Salmon, of Emma, and W. E. Kay, of Brunswick, Ga., are at the Albemarle.

Among the morning arrivals at the Fifth Avenue Hotel are Mr. J. H. H. of St. Louis; Milton Vance, of Findlay, O., and R. E. Peake, of London.

Stopping at the St. James are ex-Congressman Horace F. Page, of California; W. T. Adams, of Boston, and Charles W. Hinkle, of Cincinnati.

It Was All Fixed.

(From *Judge*.)

"Congratulations to me, old man! I have written a book and it's going to be a big success."

"I have a great deal of interest in it," said the other, "but you know it's going to be a success."

"Because I've got it all fixed. I have made arrangements with several leading publishers to distribute my work as rubbish, and with several others to accuse me of plagiarism; I expect that the first edition will be exhausted in a month."

Home From His Vacation.

(From *the Boston Transcript*.)

"Ah, how do you do, Charlie?"

"I'm not feeling well at all. The fact is, I haven't been well since I left. I've been eating too much hot bread and fried steak and wild vegetables."

"I see! You've been on your vacation."

"Well, cheer up, old man! You've got nearly a year ahead of you to recuperate."

Enjoyed Himself.

(From *the Buffalo Courier*.)

"Java good time?" asked a draught of one of the grocers yesterday on his return from the picnic.

"Lard, yes," responded the grocer, "but I haven't seen it since I left. I've been eating too much hot bread and fried steak and wild vegetables."

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A JOKE CONTEST.

Here's a Fine Chance to Try
Your Wits.

Twenty-Five Dollars for the Best Original Joke.

BILL NIX Assumes the Fearful Responsibility of Passing Judgment—A Diplomatic Correspondence that Resulted in His Consent—The Contest Open to Everybody—Jokes May Consist of One Word or as Many as Two Hundred—A Novel and Mirth-Provoking Journalistic Feature.

The following diplomatic correspondence speaks for itself:

A Bold Proposition.
OFFICE EVENING WORLD,
July 26, 1928.

DEAR SIR: THE EVENING WORLD has decided to offer a prize of \$25 for the best joke furnished by its readers. Recognizing your own experience and ripe judgment as the editors of this kind it is the wish of the editor that you would kindly consent to act as judge in the matter and pass upon such jokes as may be submitted. Yours truly,
EDITOR EVENING WORLD.

A Very Guarded Response.
SLIPPERYELMHURST, STATEN ISLAND,
July 27, 1928.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING WORLD:
DEAR SIR: Your favor of recent date asking me to umpire a joke match and general jeu d'esprit scuffle for a prize offered by THE EVENING WORLD, is received.

I fully appreciate the delicate and deserved tribute to my sagacity thus implied and though the call comes to me like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, I am half inclined to accept the invitation.

First, however, I would like to inquire if I can do it in my every-day clothes, or will it be a dress affair?

Second, what are the rules as to entries? Will they be confined to green jokes, two and three year olds, or will they be open to all classes?

Third, will my rulings as judge be liable to arouse jealousies and animosities which might injure my prospects for 1929?

Fourth, what salary are you paying your Joke Judge this year? Yours truly,

BILL NIX.
Willing to Mention His Name.
EVENING WORLD OFFICE,
NEW YORK, July 27, 1928.

DEAR SIR: Yours of yesterday is at hand. In reply we will state that you need not change your clothes while acting as judge or previously or afterwards unless you choose. The entries will be general and the offer is open to the civilized world for the championship. Your action with your Presidential prospects in 1929. We regard them as already settled. As to salary, we have always regarded personal contacts with the unctious and delicious humor to be turned in during the prize contest as ample reward for the pleasing task of arbitrating same. However if that should not be sufficient we will cheerfully mention your name in the paper. Yours truly,
EDITOR EVENING WORLD.

Mr. Nix Accepts.
SLIPPERYELMHURST, STATEN ISLAND,
July 30, 1928.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING WORLD:
DEAR SIR: Since receiving your letter of the 28th, stating that you would be willing to insert my name in the paper next to pure reading matter, I can hardly wait for the time to come when I shall begin to judge.

I hope you will insist that all jokes shall be as pure as possible before they are submitted to me. Doubtful but facetious humor was all right as late as twenty years ago, but now it is barred out. Pure fun in the papers is doing much good, but I shall always do all I can to keep out those elements which have done so much toward debasing other departments of literature.

I would suggest that no joke should exceed 200 words in length. However, you know better than I do what rules should govern the micker tournament which you contemplate.

In closing I can do no less than to inclose my personal good wishes and hope that your efforts to imbue the joke with a spirit of mirth may prove thoroughly successful.

Should you mention my name in the paper without advertising marks, will you please mail me four extra copies and send one to Cyrus Bullitt, Saginaw, Mich., and oblige, yours truly,
BILL NIX.

Conditions of the Contest.
The following are the conditions of THE EVENING WORLD's joke contest: It is open to everybody—men, women and children. Any person can submit one or as many jokes as desired. The decision, however, will be made on the merits of the best joke in the collection.

The jokes must be original, that is to say, they shall not have previously appeared in print to the knowledge of the competitor. Each joke must be written on one side of a sheet of paper, or if two or more sheets are required, they must be neatly secured together. Each joke must bear the name of the competitor and the date on which it was sent.

The jokes may consist of from one word to 200. The latter limit must not be exceeded, and competitors should bear in mind that brevity is often "the soul of wit." A joke of a few lines, if first class, will stand as good a chance of winning the prize as one of twenty lines.

The prize will be \$25 for the best joke submitted. Bill Nix will read all jokes sent in, and will in his ripe judgment determine the winner. Some of the jokes will be published from time to time, but the publication or non-publication of a joke will have no bearing upon the final decision. A joke may be published and yet finally ruled out because it may be a "chestnut."

THE EVENING WORLD cannot undertake to acknowledge the receipt of all jokes sent in, other than that the publication will of course be an acknowledgment. Great care, however, will be taken to preserve all jokes received, and to see that judgment is passed upon them by Mr. Nix.

It has not yet been determined when the contest will close. That will depend upon the degree of interest aroused by the contest. But it will be well for competitors to send in their jokes at once, as in the case of two jokes of equal merit, priority of receipt would determine the prize winner.

MR. COX WON'T BE MAYOR.

He's Willing to Stay in Congress and Would Open Stevenson Park.

Congressman S. S. Cox spent yesterday at Manhattan Beach. He was in bed nearly all day suffering from a severe cold.

"I am not very ill," said Mr. Cox to an Evening World reporter, "and please do not make me out a sick man. I have a cold which may get worse unless I take care of it. I arrived from Washington yesterday morning, and Mrs. Cox and I came down here last evening. I decided to undergo a sweating process to-day, and you see I am under three blankets. I will be all right to-morrow and expect to leave for Washington in a day or two, probably to-morrow."

"Mr. Cox," said THE EVENING WORLD man, "you have been mentioned as a candidate for Mayor."

Mr. Cox smiled all over his face.

"You may say," he said, "that my name has been mentioned for Mayor without my authority. I am not a candidate for the nomination for Mayor, and would not accept a nomination if it were unanimously tendered to me. I have no fancy for an administrative office, and I much prefer the life and duties of a Congressman. The duties and responsibilities of a Congressman are harder than most people suppose, but I have been so long in Congress I am used to the routine work and my taste for public life is not likely to change. No, sir, the office of Mayor of New York has no allurements for me."

Then you are a candidate for renomination for Congress?

"It is the desire of the people that I should return I am willing to be returned. I will not attempt to force myself upon the people."

There is said to be some opposition to your return among the Tammany Hall leaders of your district?

Mr. Cox said he had seen something in the newspaper about the opposition, but did not wish to speak upon the subject. He, however, spoke as if he would be renominated when the time came, or at least intimidated when not feeling uneasy about being sent back.

Turning from the subject Mr. Cox said he was certain that the bill converting Government lands into a public sea Island Park would pass both houses.

"The island," he remarked, "is no longer of any practical use as a means for harbor defense."

Staten Island Park is just outside of the northern boundary of the district now represented by Mr. Cox, and he was told of the efforts of THE EVENING WORLD to have that park kept open for the benefit of the working people; that the opening of the park gates would be of benefit to the poor people of his district who reside north of Houston street, west of First avenue, and east of the Bowers and Third avenues.

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"I heard of the movement of THE EVENING WORLD to keep the gates of Stevenson Park open," said Mr. Cox, "and I am heartily in accord with it. There is no reason why the poor people of the neighborhood should not have a place to get a fresh breath of air on summer evenings, and I do not doubt that if the people interested in the subject present their petition to the Park Commissioners in a proper light their prayer will be granted. The district I represent extends to within a block of Stevenson Park."

NO SALVATION ARMY THEFT.

Gen. Booth Is Coming to Inspect, Not to Reorganize the Forces.

The following paragraph appeared in a morning paper to-day:

Gen. Booth, the Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army, will be here for the first time next month. He intends to reorganize the army in the United States. One of the chief reasons for his coming is the fact that the army is in a state of disorganization and needs a thorough reorganization. He will be accompanied by his wife and a large number of his staff.

An Evening World reporter called at the headquarters of the army, at 111 Reade street, this morning, to inquire about this report.

Balinton Booth, son of the General, who superintends the work of the army in the United States, had not reached his office, but Major Jones, his private secretary, was there and talked cheerfully about the matter.

"There has been no trouble with officers appropriating materials and property of their own use since that unfortunate affair about a year ago, when a certain officer was deserted and went over in Brooklyn to organize an army of his own."

"Why, we haven't got \$300,000 worth of goods that he could appropriate. We've got Gen. Booth over from London, the fall to inspect the army, not to reorganize it, and to give our work a boom, as he did two years ago. He is a wonderful man and in the new life of the army by his presence and words, like any other great general."

Notes of Labor.

The Clothing Trades Section should meet to-night.

"Antonio" wisely discusses nuptials in the competing rooms, in the current number of the *Union Post*.

James J. Coogan, the talked-of labor candidate for Mayor, will come over from Europe in the steamship City of Rome.

Appropriate resolutions were adopted by the Central Labor Union yesterday upon the death of Currier Palmer, the philanthropist and labor reformer.

A special committee of the Central Labor Union will inquire into the difficulty between the Locksmiths and Railing-Makers' Union and the House-Smiths' Union.

A committee of three from the Central Labor Union will call on the Board of Education and request it not to let any contracts for schoolhouse repairs to men living out of the city.

Porters, packers and drivers in the furniture, carpet and bedding trade, met at 36 Delancey street yesterday and discussed the matter of shorter hours of labor. Many joined the One and All Association.

Congressman O'Neill will be armed with an impressive petition praying for the passage of his Convict Labor bill, which prohibits the sale of prisoners made outside of the States in which they are incarcerated.

Thirty delegates from the local unions of the plumbers and steam and gas-fitters left this city last night for New York to attend the convention of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America.

Julius Wiener resigned his position as Walking Delegate of the Union No. 1, but he is believed there to be no intention of leaving the union. Mr. Wiener is said to be a delegate to the Trades District Assembly No. 25, of the Knights of Labor.

President Sam Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, shook hands last night with the hundreds of laborers who came to the Niagara River years ago on a sight-seeing trip.

Efforts are being made to make the Labor Day parade in New York City a more impressive affair. The parade is to be held on Monday, September 3, and will be a grand affair. The parade is to be held on Monday, September 3, and will be a grand affair.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY
"EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

A Green Grocer and a Night Compositor Have a Mutual Hears.

Frank Rowley, or "Patsy," as he is affectionately called by his fellow compositors, sets type at night and lives up in Eighty-seventh street.

After finishing his work the other night, he started for home and at about 8.30 p.m. he was in the front door of his house.

A groceryman lived on the floor below Frank's apartments, who arises pretty early in order to get to market. On this particular morning the grocer arose a trifle earlier than usual, and when Frank had come half way up the first flight of stairs he was clutched about the throat by a large hand, while there arose unceremoniously for help and police.

The cries soon brought the other inmates to the scene with a light, and they tried to explain to the excited grocer that Rowley was a resident of the house; but he wouldn't let a table and continued his yell until two policemen came to his assistance.

When he quieted down the whole affair was explained and the police left the house. The groceryman apologized for his mistake, but expressed himself by saying that he was once attacked by footpads, and ever since then he had been very nervous when alone in the darkness.

Rowley has supplied himself with a dark lantern, in preference to running any further risk of being throttled by an excited green grocer.

If Darby Missed Green Turtle Steak, He Saved 10 Cents on Veal.

A strange couple was taking its pleasure at Coney Island yesterday.

It was Darby and Joan, robbed of all poetry and reduced to plain prose.

She was clad in a queer dress that covered her robust form in a bathing suit. It was of some blue material, trimmed with cheap lace. On her stalwart head perched a black straw hat, and on her upper lip was a moustache that would be the envy of any young man of sixteen.

He was more simple in his attire and physiognomy. His forehead began at the end of his nose, and ran back like a toboggan slide, to the extreme apex of his skull. His short, white hair was as close to his cranium as it could be and leave any hold for the roots.

The pair wandered past the carnivals, the sausage shops, the catch-penny shows, and finally on to the veranda of the Hotel Brighton. They drifted in an unceremonious way to the bar, where they ordered a drink.

Meriar, I'm going to eat, of costs \$2 to do it. He had the old gentleman, with fustian determination.

Thereupon the old boy ordered the first thing on the entree, which chanced to be a cold chicken. He followed the right-hand column of figures and the left-hand column as cheap as anything. "Meriar" indulged in a humble chin chowder.

As soon as the fellow got his steak he began to look doubtful, but he was strengthened the doubt, or rather weakened it, until at the end he said with grim certainty:

"Meriar, that's breaded real cutlets!" He turned to the waiter and charged him with